#### MARBLE HILL PRESS.

J. G. FINKEY, PUBLISHER. MARRIE WILL . . MESOUR.

THE report sent abroad that "the outh Fork Fishing Club would rebuild their dam in the Conemaugh Valley" is authoritatively denied.

Six million dollars worth of property has been washed away from the shore of Delaware. There are only five millions left if old Neptune is still rapa-

THERE is a new "plunger" in Wall street who is playing the old game of laying big bets on short horses. Some of these days there will be a new version of the old story of the young man who is unaccountably short in his ac-

THE high-toned denizen of Atlantic City, who insisted on tenderloin steaks all summer, did not disdain pork and beans when the storm came on. The Atlantic tidal disturbance has its faults, but it is the great leveler in respect of

AGREAT many American tourists anxious to reach home are detained in London and Liverpool, not able to find room in outgoing steamers. The big London strike has tied up the steamers of the Wilson line, and deranged all others more or less.

ONE hundred gentlemen went to the top of Pike's Peak the other day to swear as many solemn swears of fidelity to a society of which they are members. If they piled their oaths atop each other, the summit must have reached pretty well up toward heaven.

It used to be the case that the press down East spoke of Dakota and Arkansas and the West as "the home of the cyclone," and pitied people who lived in such a forsaken land. The great Eastern storms of late years have given Eastern editors an impressive personal

THE lawyers for the defense in the Cronin case are not lacking in expedients. When all other questions fail they ask a man what is meant by "autopsy," "exculpatory evidence," "res gestæ," and "post hoc ergo propter hoc." There be few men who can stand the

THE practical joker has killed another man, this time at Glens Falls, N. Y., by tying a rope around his body while he lay asleep, and attaching the other end to a rapidly revolving shaft "to awake The fool-killer will never fully accomplish his mission until he has exterminated the practidal joker.

WE notice that the carriage in which Gen. Lafavette made the tour of the country was destroyed in the fire at St. Joe. Now, if Gen. Washington's nurse and body-servant and the rest of the heirlooms that still refuse to die had been in the vehicle at the time, there might have teen something to rejoice THE CHILL OF WINTER IS ON THIS SUMMER

IT is all right for idiotic notorietyseekers to try to navigate the Ningara rapids, but somebody ought to step forward and prevent them from taking a dog or other animal with them. The man who did the rapids act the other day took a dog with him. The dog got ashore by swimming, but it was a case of luck. He wasn't helped any by the navigator.

WHAT American girl of all the number who have married foreign counts and other titled adventurers has left on record one sentence to show the wisdom of the act? But the folly goes on, and the daughter of another American millionaire is, by common report, affianced to a man bearing a title who, in this country, would scarcely be trusted to drive a mule team.

A GENERATION ago the duelist was a man respected and admired; to-day he is a laughing-stock. Then the duel was a tragedy, now it is a farce. Common sense condemned it, the ablest eloquence of virtue assailed it, the law frowned or and punished it, but public opinion held on to it until the press laughed it down, and by the notoriety it gave dueling took away its fame.

A mon court official in London has just called the grand jury's attention to a remarkable phase of the recent strike. In spite of the fact that the agitation was unparalleled in point of magnitude, and that hundreds of thousands were out of work and suffered great privations, not a single criminal case arising from the troubles had been presented to the grand jury's attention.

A CONDEMNED criminal in England must be allowed to see three Sundays between his sentence and his execution. Of course he can thus be hanged in a little over two weeks, but the three Sundays must pass over his head before the gallows claims him. The custom is a relic of medineval times, when a oriminal was allowed that much of respite to prepare for death.

Tun Governor of Rhode Island de es that the abolition of the death ty in that State has been den for life, and the Governor proce that State is ex-

to a vision of beauty are to the total to the total to the total to the total total

My lady has money and style,
She has dresses and gens by the score,
And lovers to strive for her smile
Besides men and maid servants galore;
But my heart sings as load as a linnet,
And all envy I quickly repress,
When I hold in my arms just a minute
That girl in the calico dress.

My lady is traveled and wise.

She reigns at reception and ball,
She kills, if need be, with her eyes,
But she blushes, I fear, not at all. She's a peony proudly aspiring,
With no fragrance a lover to bless;
But a mignonette sweet and retiring
Is my giri in the calico dress.

My indy may freeze when I bow. Or as bright as a houri may beam; I watch not her moods, for I vow That her charms very poor to me seem For there's never a maid in all story So worthy a prince's caress,
And nothing so fair out of glory
As my girl in the calico dress!
—[GEORGE HORTON.

### A STRANGE LOVER.

CHAPTER VII.-CONTINUED.

TWO PATHS OF DUTY.

"Who are we?" asked Mary.
"Why, the authorities and myself,"
replied Gordon: "and we were all too
busy to labor long at it. She called
herself Jane Smith, but of course her name was assumed. She was yet in her girlhood, about nineteen I should say." "What misery there is in the world,"

"Cynical people," replied Gordon," are fond of the paradoxical assertion that the dead have the best of life. But

that the dead have he best of the best of the you cannot make a man like myself think that now."
"Did you ever think it, Gordon?"
"The idea used to haunt me; but it is gone now. I shall not allow it to re-

turn while you are alive."

Supper was over and he had gone to supper was over and he had gone to his favourite easy-chair. Mary came over and sat down upon his knee. "Will you tell me that I make you happy?" she asked. "Ay! I will, and stand to it, even on

the rack," he replied, "You are sure?"

"Quite sure."

"Oh, Gordon," she murmed, as she nestled her head upon his shoulder, "how happy I am." A moment's pause and then a sigh, "Poor Aurelia!" "What are you groaning about?" asked Gordon, with assumed lightness: "You read Anrelia's letter to-night. Things are looking hopeful at the White

"I don't know," replied Mary slowly. "I have thought it over since I came home, and I think that there is some-thing between the lines of that letter. May I go to her to-morrow?"
"What! so eager to run away from

me already? "No; but I have a call. I have had messenger—an invisible one—who told me something is wrong. He only came just now, after you told me the story of

that poor girl. Now, if I delay—"
"You shall go to morrow," said Gor-"My duty is here, I know," said Mary; "but I feel here," touching her heart,"
"that I ought to go. If you are very

busy I can go alone."
"We will have a cab, and start at an early hour," said Gordon. "I can get back by eleven o'clock. I will leave a note for Jecks to attend to anything urgent.

## CHAPTER VIII.

A little after nine the following morning, a hansom cab drew up at the gate of the White House, and Mary and Gordon alighted.

and Gordon alighted.
"You can wait, or go away for half-an-hour," Gordon said to the man.
"I'll move off a bit, sir," the driver replied. "This isn't the sort of place I care to stop at."

A winding walk led to the house, and they had traversed about half of it, when a man came out of the shrubbery with a spade on his shoulder. It was Bowley Marsh, and he and Mary recog-nized each other instantly, "Well, sister-in-law," he said, "this is a surprise; and how early you've come.

Not quite fashionable hours for swell people, but I don't object. I am glad to see you. Husband, I suppose? Inroduce us, sister-in-law-do Mary performed the ceremony of in-

troduction quietly, and the two men shook hands, but Gordon felt strongly tempted to knock his host down. Bowley Marsh fell in on the other side of Mary, and they all moved towards the

"How is Aurey?" asked Mary.
"Oh, quite cheerful!" replied Marsh.
"She thought at first the place would
be dull—so did I; but she has taken the inside of the house in hand, and I have tackled the outside. We both have enough to do. My old pard—friend I

"Pard!" thought Gordon: "that isn't from the Antipodes. It only comes from America. Seth Hardman was just coming out

of the house, and he stopped in the door-way to how to Mary. He cast a keen glance from her to her husband and

smiled.
"I beg to offer you my congratulations," he said. Mrs. Marsh, in one
sense, made us acquainted before. I
have heard much about you."

"Mrs. Marsh seems to talk more to you than she does to me," said Bowley, with an engry flash from his eyes; "but that's the way of women. They like any man better than their husbands."

"Yes, he is jealous," thought Gordon, and when he looked at Seth Hardman again, he saw that any man, with a young wife, might have paused before they made so handsome a friend a part of the household.

"I was just coming out to say that

"I was just coming out to say that breakfast was ready," said Hardman cooily, "and Mrs. Marsh waiting."
"May I go in first?" Mary asked.
"Oh, assuredly," said Hardman, making way for her. "In the room, on the left, you will find her. Second door."
"That's the advantage of having a real friend in your house," said Bowley Marsh to Gordon. "You are spared the trouble of doing anything. Even questions addressed to you are answered by them."

"How long are you going on in this strain?" asked Hardman. "As long as I choose," replied Marsh,

his seat, and cutring up a meat pic. Aurelia and Mary stood upon the hearth with their arms entwined.

Aurelia disengaged one of hers and held it out to Gordon. "I am glad to see you," she said, with a sweet smile. "Now then," said Bowley Marsh, "just look at that. Do you ever smile in that style for me? Not you. Hardman first, brother-in-law next. You are the lucky fellow, but I'll get rid of Hardman before long."

No answer could be given to this tirade, and he kept on complaining until the object of his wrath appeared. Then he became silent, and Aurelia took her place at the table.

Marsh was glad Mary had come to stay, and thought it a pity that she could not make her visit a long one. "Aurey is dull," he said; "my company isn't quite good enough—she wants me in homocopathic doses."

Aurelia made no attempt to confute this declaration, Bowley Marsh was not the man to be intimidated, and it was plain that he was not in his best mood. He seized every opportunity to frown darkly at Hardman when he was

mood. He seized every opportunity to frown darkly at Hardman when he was looking another way. Gordon's brief visit was soon over. He took leave of his wife and Aurelia,

bowed to Hardman, and went ont ac

bowed to Hardman, and went out ac-companied by his host, "That jackanapes says he won't go," he said, as he walked up the path, "but like anyone else, he has his price. I'll start him with a hundred pounds tonight."
"What is the nature of the engage-ment between you?" Gordon asked,

"Oh, we were partners in the wool trade," Marsh replied, "and he says ac-counts between us were never proper-

ly settled."
"Well, I should get rid of him," said

Gordon.

"Liars, both," he said, as the cab bore him away. What is the link that holds these two knaves together?"

It was not without serious misgivings that he came away, and his doubts increased as he left the White House beginning. Once he lifted his hand to raise hind. Once he lifted his hand to raise the trap and tell the driver to turn back, but a feeling of shame checked

him.
"What can I say if I return," he asked himself. "There is no real proof that any evil is intended. After all, it may be only vulgar eccentricity that we have to fear." Mary and Aurelia were left to them-

Mary and Aurelia were left to them-selves after breakfast. Seth Hardman said he was going to have a stroll round the neighborhood, and Bowley Marsh re-turned to his so-called gardening. The sisters had much to say to each other; in any case they would have had something to computation about their something to communicate about their respective husbands. There are always

comparisons to be made by young wives when they get together.
"Husband talk" is very general, and
it is of a varied nature; harmless for
the most part, if severely critical.
With the two sisters the subject was a

erious one.
"I don't know what to think of Bowley," Aurelia said; ne is certainly very eccentric, and perhaps unkind. I mar-ried in haste, and I have had sufficient leisure for repentance. Unless Mr. Hardman favors me with his society, I am pretty well alone all day."
"You do not like Mr. Hardman?"

Mary said inquiringly. "No; although I have tried to do so," Aurelia replied. "When first I saw him I felt that I was thrown into the society of a dangerous man. Not in the ordinary sense, dear—I am not afraid of any man making love to me—but in another way. I thought he had a cruel look in his eyes. What do you think of thim Marve?"

him, Mary?"

"A mixture of bad and good—the evil predominating. I think that, if called upon, he could do desperate things."

"He has some secret power over Bowley. I heard them quarrelling yesteriasy in the grounds, and shortly after I met Hardman. He stopped, as if he had something to say to me—something to reveal; but he went on without speaking."

"My poor Aurey!" sighed Mary.
"Your dream of marrying a rich man

"My poor Aurey!" sighed Mary.
"Your dream of marrying a rich man
has been followed with a rude awaken-

nas been followed with a rude awakening."

"Well!" You are happy," said Aurelia; "and while you are, I shall not be utterly miserable. By-the-way, dear, you must have a room prepared for you. The house is so wretchedly damp, that there is only one available. It is next to a room where Bowley and his friend sit and play cards. Do you mind?" sit and play cards. Do you mind? "Oh, no, dear!"

"It is only half a room, I ought to tell you. 'A large apartment was made into two by the previous tenant, and the partition is only lath and plaster. If Bowley should use a little strong language, you won't mind it-will

"No. I shall cover up my head, like a child afraid of a bogey, and go to sleep."
"Perhaps if I tell Bowley where you
"Perhaps if I tell Bowley will restrain are," said Aurelia, "he will restrain himself."
"Not on my account," returned Mary.

"Not on my account," returned stary.
"Say nothing, unless he asks you."
They went up to look at the room,
and, as Aurelia said, it was the only
and, as Aurelia said, it was the only sleeping apartment available. The back rooms faced north, and the walls were running with damp, and the paper hanging in dismal festoons, or altogether

"We are all in front," said Aurelia.
"This is my room; Mr. Hardman sleeps in the adjoining one. Then we come to the room I must give you."

It was a square apartment, with one window close to what appeared to be a solid wall. But Aurelia tapped it, to how that it was but a flimsy separation

show that it was but a filmsy separation from the adjoining chamber.

"Would you like to look into Bluebeard's den?" Aurelia asked. "It is a pretty place, I have no doubt. Bowley won't have it put into order. He has been so used to a rough life that he

been so used to a rough life that he really prefers a muddle."

The door was not fastened, and they looked into the room. It was bere, and furnished only with a table and two chairs. There was no carpet, and the floor was strewn with a pack of cards carelessly thrown down.

Under the window was a box halffilled with wine. Several empty bottles kept the cards company on the floor. A pair of revolvers lay on the mantlepiece.

mantlepiece.
"Nice looking place, isn't it?" said
Aurelia, with assumed cheerfuiness.
"It smells horribly of tobacco," Mary
replied. "What strong cigars they

ust smoke."
"Poisonous!" said Aurelia There were no bells in the house that would act, and to summon Biddle to prepare the room for Mary in any other way then by going to fetch her, would be a waste of time. He they went down to the kitchen, and found her busy cook-

## WHITE HOUSE CHINA.

arkable Dinner Set Used at the President's Table.

Not Quite as Gorgeous as Queen Vic toria's Gift from the Chinese Em-



Of course, the first citizen of our Re-public could not undertake to compete with the crowned heads of Europe in with the crowned heads of Europe in the matter of state plate, but on the establishment of our government the fact was recognized that there should be some attention paid to this matter, and, no doubt, at the suggestion of Mrs. Washington, a china set was ordered from England, for use on state occasions, It was the old-fashioned blue variety and for that day was considered a re-markable service of plate. The whole set was made to order by an English firm for the President of the United States, and all the important pieces contained the arms of the country, while most were ornamated in some inconspicuou part with the monogram of the first President. Of this set several pieces are said still to survive on the shelves of various collectors, though it is quite Washington plates and cups, ornament-ed with the picture or name of the Father of his Country, while made at that time, were not for use in the Government Mansion. Little by little through the carelessness of servants the Washington service disappeared and was succeeded by other sets ordered from time to time, so that although the White House was always well supplied with china there was no distinctive character in the service. When Mrs. Hayes became the Mistress of the Presidential Mansion, however, the china was so depleted in amount and of so many different styles, the relics of several sets, that it was determined to provide

are embellished with scenes from Louisiana, a party of negroes preparing jumbo soup, from the Rocky Mountains, and from Maryland, where terrapin soup is still known. Equally varied is the decoration of the fish plates, for the food fish of the United States and its waters are legion, and ample opportunity is given the painter to illustrate almost any part of the country from one coast of Maine to the Columbia river.

river.
The dinner plates contain represents tions of all the principal game animals known in this country, the bison on his prairie, the deer on his leafy covert, the prairie, the deer on his leafy covert, the bear on the mountain, the antelope and the wild turkey being especially conspicuous. One game platter has a very beautiful representation of Chesapeake Bay, a hunting scene of unusual force, which is pronounced by connoisseurs a masterpiece of coloring. Indeed, all these pictures have one peculiarity in the fact that while paintings on china and porcelain usually present a sharpness of outline, a lack of gradation in color that is frequently offensive to the eye, in these the difficulty appears to have been entirely overcome and the softness with which one tint of color fades into another is suggestive of anyfades into another is suggestive of anything other than a porcelain picture. in the landscapes and water views, for in-stance, the softness of tint and delicacy of gradation are especially noticeable, the fact adding greatly to the general effect produced by the painting. The dessert plates are gems of plant life, each containing a sketch from nature. each containing a sketch from nature, of some plant where fruit is an esteemed food. Nor is the painting after the usual conventional style, a group of berries and a group of leaves, the two groups having no apparent connection, but a complete painting, generally of a country garden scene, having as a central idea the vlent designal as he are tral idea the plant designed to be made prominent in the picture. The black-



DINNER PLATE.

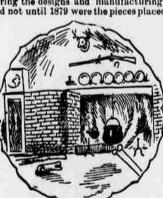
sets, that it was determined to provide an entirely new service, a set that should be worthy of the table of the Chief Magistrate of a great nation. Consultations were held with experts, artists and manufacturers, and the resolution made to plan and manufacture a table service that should be at once unique, beautiful and emphatically American. An eminent artist was employed to design the pictures for the various picces, and on the plea that the kaolin



GAME PLATTER.

of this country was not sufficiently away with song and dance. On another good for fine work, a contract was made with a French firm to manufacture the articles in the highest style of chinamaking art.

Three years were employed in preand not until 1879 were the pieces placed



SOUP PLATE. '

on the shelves of the White House pantry, ready for use, being first employed in a State dinner given by President Hayes, in the autumn of that year. The service is for twelve persons, and the most complete ever prepared. There are soup, fish and oyster plates, plates for meat and every kind of game, desert plates, plates for nuts and berries, to-gether with platters appropriate to each set of plates and all other dishes to correspond. Each set of plates has dec-orasons appropriate to the general use for which intended, and each plate of each set has its own decorations differ-ing from that of the others, and yet in harmony with the general line of sub-jects chosen for the set. Each on its surface contains an ornate sketch, some-times exceedingly minute in detail and yet done with a boldness that challenges miration. It is true that one rule laid down by the classics of china painting has been everywhere disregarded. According to the great china painters, a plate should be ornamented in such a way that when in use no part of the ornamental work should be concealed. Strictly adhered to, this rule would confine ornament to the rim of the plate and so restrict the field available to the and so restrict the field available to the painter as greatly to hamper his efforts. So no regard whatever was paid to the rule and the painting was done on the face of the plates and platters, so that when employed for the only one

face of the plates and platters, so that when employed for the only use plates are made for their beauties are veiled by the material attractions constituting the substance of the feast.

The pictures are gems of art, and each, both in color and design, are well worthy of illustrative reproduction. Some are landscapes, some are water dense, some are sketches illustrating leculiar phases of American life; all

a tropical scene appears, the orange groves of Florida are depicted in their glory, while on other are seen fields of the pineapple plant, of bananas, orchards of apple trees and other fruits. In short, the plan of decoration adopted s such as to allow great liberty to the artist, and that it has been improved is sufficiently demonstrated by the admiration of every beholder.
Of course, so rare and costly a set

must be guarded with great care, and so the White House china is not intrusted to ordinary servants, for fear of break-age, but is kept in a special case in the china room, is used only on state oc-casions and when taken from the room where it is stored, every precaution is observed to guard against loss of breakage or theft. To be broken is sooner or later the fate of all china, but in the ten years of use only three or four pieces of the White House set have been broken, and these were replaced by special order. It is said one piece was stolen during Mr. Cleveland's administration, but this is not surprising, since there are hundreds of china collectors in this country, and a piece from the White House set is a tempting prize, for which a collector will be willing to pay a handsome sum, asking no questions as to the title of the seller to the property. Thus far, therefore, the set has escaped very well, and while the Chief Magis trate can boast the possession of no gold plate nor regulia of costly gems, his es-tablishment may be credited with the finest, most complete and most artistic



DESSERT PLATE. set of china to be found outside the palace of the young monarch of the Celestial Empire.

Hope For Red-Haired Girls.

A well-known Jackson doctor has just returned from the Michigan Center resort, four miles sast of Jackson. When he went there his hair was as white as a badger. He washed his head several times a day at a certain place in the lake, and his hair commenced to turn black, and is now as black as a raven's wing. A red-haired Jackson girl had her looks turned black by the same process. A company has been secretly forming to buy the right to use the lake, build a hotel and start a resort for red-haired girls and white-haired men. The particular point on the lake where the water is taken which works this wonderful change is kept a secret. Hope For Red-Haired Girls. water is taken which works ful change is kept a secret.

Miss Lovelors—What is your conception of married bliss, Mr. Raggles? Mr. Raggles—A deaf and dumb wife, no children, and a pretty type-writer.

# THE HIGHWAY OF LIFE

Dr Talmage Talks about the Lessons

The Many who Swanger and Strutt and the Pew who Do Not.

The seemes of Ber. 7. De Witt Talmare and Standy was directed to the leases of life as gathered from those with whom we with a wind we will be a seed to be a seed of the seed of life as gathered from those with whom we will never the control of the work of the mountain, the vices of the see, the voices of the voices of the structure of the mountain, the vices of the see, the voices of the structure of the

fact that all classes and conditions of society must commingle. We sometimes culture a wicked exclusiveness. Intellect despises ignorance. Refinement will have nothing to do with boorishness. Gloves hate the sunburned hand, and the high forehead despises the flat head; and the trim hedgerow will have nothing to do with the wild corpsewood, and Anthens hates Nazereth. This ought not to be so. The astronomer must come down from his starry revelry and help us in our navigation. The surgeon must come away from his study of the human organism and set our broken bones. The chemist must come away from his laboratory, where he has been studying analysis and synthesis, and help us to understand the nature of the soils. I bless God that all classes of people are compelled to meet on the street. The glittering coach wheel clashes against the scavenger's cart. Fine robes run against the pedder's mack. Robust health meets wan sickness. Honesty confronts fraud. Every class of people meets every other class. Independence and modesty, pride and humility, purity and beastliness, frankness and hypocrisy, meeting on the same block, in the same street, in the same blood, to lie down in the port meet together: the Lord is the Maker of them all." I like this democratic principle of the Gospel of Jesus Christ which recognizes the fact that we stand before God on one and the same platform. Do not take on any airs; whatever position you have gained in society, you are nothing but a man, born of the same parent, regenerated by the same Spirit, cleansed by the same blood, to lie down in the same resurrection. It is high time that we all schoowinged not only the Fatherhood of God, but the brotherhood of man.

Again, the street impresses me with the fact that it is a very hard thing for a man to keep his bear

Long Distance Rifle Shooting. There is an immense amount of nonsense talked and written about long distance rifle shooting, and the stories men tell about their own or somebody else's wonderful accuracy at long range may be set down as campaign inventions. In fact the same importance is not attached to long distance shooting as formerly, for it has been demonstrated beyond doubt that it is comparatively useless except where the distance has been carefully measured and the gun properly gauged for it. It can be readily seen that this would be impracticable either in shooting at game or in a military engage-ment. To illustrate, the very best long distance rifle that is made has a fall of 40 inches in 500 yards. Now, how many men are there who can accurately calculate such a long distance? And of what use would the gun be in case the marksman's judgment erred 50 yards one way or the other? These considerations have induced the goverament to change the whole thec and practice concerning the use of long range guns. The Creedmoon system has been abandoned entirely by the army marksmen, and they are now taught the art of measuring distances by the eye, and also practice shooting at moving objects. When firing at targets each man makes his own estimate of distance, a squad fires and then all advance, say 50 yards, make new estimates and fire again. make new estimates and fire again. This process is repeated, so that the soldier really gets experience that will be of use to him in actual warfare.— Globe-Democrat.

Wife-John, don't you want some of hese plums for lunch? They're some

put up. Husband-No; I don't like plum with the pits in.
Wife—But, John, these plums have no pits. Husband-Oh, that's so; they haven't.

know there was somethichem I didn't like.